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## THE GIRL THAT MARRIED THE FLOP-EARED HOUND DOG\*

By

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This is one of Uncle Tom Dixon's tales. As we sat by the fire waiting for his daughter Suzanne to call us to supper, he was "minded" to tell this story about a flop-eared hound dog that Uncle Tom said "Musta looked pine-blank like that there hound-dog laying there on the hearth with his head to the fire--and that minds me of a tale my foreparents used to tell of evenings gathered about the hearth."

They was a man--a king maybe, that had a fine castle and lands that stretched from here to yonder. His wife died and left him all lonesome. One day when he was out in the woods, not hunting but just walking around nearly about to lonesome to death, a fine hound-dog with long flop-ears come up to him wagging its tail and acting friendly. The king thought maybe it had got lost from some folks hunting in his woods. So he sat down on a log and called the dog up to him and said to it, "What you doing here, flop-eared hound dog? How come you got lost from hunting? What you want to do for you?"

He never thought a breath about no answer. He was just making friends with a good hunting dog. But the flop-eared hound dog set itself down in front of him and said, "I want to marry one of your girls; that's what I want and I can take good care of her and keep her happy if she's a-mind to have me."

Well, the king was so addled in his mind with hearing a hound dog speak out that way that he said, "Come along home with me and I'll let you ask one of my girls will she marry you and I'm willing if she is."

The flop-eared hound dog asked the oldest girl first would she marry him. She flew mad and screeched and screamed, "No I won't marry no flop-eared hound dog! I won't marry nothing but a natural man" Who ever heard tell of such an idea!"

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\*Editor's note: The tale presented here is taken from the manuscript of Miss Campbell's forthcoming volume of folktales from the eastern Kentucky mountains.

Then the flop-eared hound dog asked the middle girl would she marry him. And had a bigger fit than the oldest girl done had. And she wouldn't marry him neither.

When he asked the youngest girl would she marry him, she said she would if she could come back home now and again to see her folks. She never 'peared to feel no shame about who she was marrying but asked a big passel of folks to the wedding just like she was going to marry a natural man. And she fixed a heap of fine wedding clothes.

Then the very minute of the wedding ceremony when the sisters had their eyes covered up with their hands, for they couldn't bear to see a flop-eared hound dog stand up and marry their sister in front of a whole crowd of folks that never had no hint that she weren't marrying a natural man. Well, that very minute the groom come in and it weren't no flop-eared hound dog no more but a good-looking young man dressed up in his Sunday clothes. A mean old witch had put him under spell till some nice girl was willing to marry him of her own free will. He was so good-looking and rich that the oldest girl and the middle girl turned mighty jealous. And folks said it was the best wedding they been to that season.

After the wedding frolic was over the bride and groom went to their fine home in some place a far piece off. I don't know where it was nor more about it. It was just a fine big house and they lived happy together.

Then in a year and a day the girl hankered to go see her folks and she wanted to stay there till she birthed her baby. Her man was willing for her to go on a visit to her folks but he cautioned her not to tell his name to nobody even if they begged mighty hard. If she told that his name was Sunshine on the Dew, she wouldn't never see him no more.

Well, she had the baby at her old home place and it was a mighty pretty boy baby. When it was two days old, in the night folks heard fairy music and in the morning the baby was gone. Whoever had stole the baby left sweet cakes and wine at the head of the bed. But no trace of the baby.

The sisters blamed the baby's daddy and they tried to find out what his name was--but the youngest girl shut her mouth up tight and wouldn't tell. Her man come in a month's time and took her home with him.

Another year and a day passed by and the youngest girl hankered to visit her folks again and stay till she birthed her baby. Her man cautioned her again not to tell his name to nobody or she wouldn't see him no more. When the second baby--a girl this time--was two days old, they was fairy music in the night. And the baby gone nobody could guess where. Whoever had stole this baby had put sweet cakes and wine at the head of the bed like the time before.

The sisters blamed the baby's pappy again and tried to find out his name. But the youngest girl shut up her mouth tight and wouldn't tell. In a month's time her man come and took her back home with him.

Three times the youngest girl went home to visit her folks and stayed till she had birthed her baby--the last one another boy. Three times her man cautioned her not to tell his name or she wouldn't see him no more. But the sisters threatened her with her life if she wouldn't tell. So she said in a low whisper that his name was Sunshine on the Dew.

When the last baby was two days old the fairy music in the night came again. And the next morning--no baby--no sweet cakes nor wine at the head of the bed neither. And no man come to take her home with him no matter how long she waited.

After she waited some months for her man to come and he never showed up, she set out on foot to go to her married home. Nobody home when she got there. No sign of nobody. So she set out to travel till she found her man. She traveled all day till she had holes in her shoes. At night time she saw a little house in the woods. The door stood open and a fire was blazing in the fireplace. An old woman in a rocking chair by the hearth made her welcome. She said her man with three babies different sizes had been there three nights before. The old woman gave her a good supper and warm water to wash herself and a soft bed to her sides. In the morning she gave the girl some scissors that she said would cut by themselves whatever the girl wanted her cloth to be.

The second night at the same kind of little house an old woman made her welcome and said her man with three babies different sizes had been there two nights before. This old woman gave her a good supper and warm water to wash herself and a soft bed to her sides. In the morning she gave the girl a thimble that would sew by itself.

The last night another old woman in a little house made the girl welcome and told her her man with three babies different sizes had been there just the night before. The girl wouldn't stay for no supper nor no warm water to wash herself nor no soft bed to her sides. She wanted to hurry on and try to catch-up with her man. The old woman tied up a snack to eat in a budget and gave it to the girl along with a needle that would sew fine things by itself.

The girl went on till she came to a fine big house with a crowd of folks gathered about. It was her man fixing to marry again. But the girl swapped her magic sewing tools that could cut and sew fine things without no help from any person. She swapped them things to the other girl to give back her man to her. I don't call to mind the details and particulars of how it come about--but when the man that had been a flop-eared hound dog saw his first woman, it all come over him again how he loved her with all his heart and he give the fine new house



to the woman he wasn't going to marry--and took his babies three different sizes and the girl that had birthed him the babies and they went back to their own home place to live out all the days of their life.

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## THE FOLKTALE IN TENNESSEE\*

By

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That Tennesseans had their share and perhaps more of the frontier enjoyment of yarn spinning, we know from the storytelling reputations of such public figures as Davy Crockett, Sam Houston of Tennessee and Texas, and Governor Bob Taylor. All three men were the subjects of stories and the first and last, at least, promulgated their own yarns in print.

Folktales material is probably imbedded in some of the regional writing of such authors as George Washington Harris (author of the Sut Lovingood yarns, one of the humorists of the Old Southwest) and Charles Egbert Craddock, most famous woman among the Tennessee local color writers. My knowledge of these writers is through anthologies only, so I can only suggest that analysis might yield some pay dirt. Similarly, research in nineteenth century newspapers, town and county histories (a field which has become popular in recent years) might well uncover a worthwhile body of tales.

The amusing book of tales, God Bless the Devil!, a publication of the WPA Tennessee Writers Project in 1940, carries the literary or popular handling of folk materials into the twentieth century. An American Folkways Series book by North Callahan, misleadingly entitled Smoky Mountain Country (1952), manages to cast the shadow of the Smokies as far west as Nashville and Memphis. It includes perhaps a dozen folk jests and several rather garbled historical legends.

The inclusion of folk material in popular writing certainly gives us a time depth for the folktale in Tennessee, but fails to give us the straightforward,

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\*This article is a revision of part of a paper read at the Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Tennessee Folklore Society at Cookeville, November 6, 1954.

documented presentation that the folklorist desires. Apart from the files of the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, how much folktale material has been published in Tennessee that meets, or comes close to meeting, the folklorist's standards?

There are three invaluable and extremely scarce publications on the so-called "Bell Witch" of Robertson County, Tennessee's most notable supernatural figure. I know M. V. Ingram's An Authenticated History of the Bell Witch (Clarksville, Tennessee, 1894) only from excerpts, though I yearn to own it. Fortunately I have, in a very battered copy, The Bell Witch: A Mysterious Spirit, by Charles Bailey Bell, M.D. (Nashville, copyright, 1934). A pamphlet, The Bell Witch of Middle Tennessee, by Harriett Parks Miller (Clarksville, 1930), I have not seen. These three items seem to have been the chief sources of information for the flood of chapters in popular books and articles in Sunday newspaper supplements about this poltergeist or tricky spirit, so misleadingly called a witch.

A poltergeist similar in many ways to the Bell Witch was described, and a few other tales and legends were given, in Emma Bell Miles' much neglected masterpiece, The Spirit of the Mountains, published in 1905. This book is a "must" for all folklorists interested in the Tennessee mountain country.

Eight East Tennessee tales are appended to the important collection of North Carolina folktales that Isobel Gordon Caffer published under the title, "Mountain White Folk-lore: Tales from the Southern Blue Ridge (JAFL, XXXVIII, 1925, 340-374; Tennessee tales, 370-374). The North Carolina part of her collection includes many of the Jack Tales, widely known through Richard Chase's popular collection of folktales for children. Also from East Tennessee, or chiefly from there, come the good groups of tales published in two small pamphlets by the Knoxville newspaper columnist, Bert Vincent. His Here in Tennessee (Knoxville, 1945) and Bert Vincent's Strolling (Knoxville, 1940) are excellent folktale collections that should be better known to folklorists. The second revised edition of the latter pamphlet is titled Us Mountain Folks (Knoxville, 1945).

Corrections and additions to this disappointingly meager list will be most welcome; I hope that readers will not hesitate to point out my omissions. Are there other books with chapters of folktales, white or Negro? Are there other locally published pamphlets?<sup>1</sup>

An examination of the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin from its inception reveals four collections or studies of tales that are especially noteworthy. Geneva Anderson's fine collection, "Tennessee Tall Tales" (V, 1939, 51-65), includes some

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1. The first title suggested to me after my reading of this paper was, unfortunately, misleading. Tall Tales from Old Smoky, by C. Hodge Mathes (Kingsport, Tennessee, 1952), is actually a collection of fictional sketches with only one folktale (pp. 25-29), an elaborated version of Type 1920B, The one says "I have not time to lie," and yet lies.

tales that are not tall. The other collections are witch tales from Macon County, by Lewis David Bandy (IX, No. 2, May 1943, 1-13) and Negro supernatural legends from my Folklore Archive at Murray State College, collected by Mildred Parsons and Virginia Jo Hurdle and edited by Herbert Halpert (XIX, Sept. 1953, 68-69 and 75-77). E. G. Rogers published a good study of the Nathan Bedford Forrest legend in V, 1938, 32-63.

Despite minor objections that could be raised on methodological matters in several of these articles, I think most folktale specialists would agree that each of them is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of some branch of the American folktale. Unfortunately, many of the miscellaneous single tales and legends in the Bulletin are not up to this standard. With a few exceptions, sources are not given. The tales are "prettified" into that atrocious phraseology I call "schoolteacher English"; often they are made romantic, or quaint, or literary. Sometimes there is a complete reworking, as in the versified treatment of the legend of Milze Darden, the largest man in Tennessee.<sup>2</sup> I have enough information on that legend to feel certain the author was using genuine oral tradition; but how much better it would have been for folktale study if her source material, as well as her literary adaptation of it, had been published.

A potentially important source of Tennessee folktales that I had overlooked, the Master's theses at George Peabody College, was discussed in Professor J. E. Brewton's useful paper, "Scholarship in Tennessee Folklore" (TFSB, XX, Dec. 1954, 94-96). Thanks to Professor Brewton the material in these theses is now a matter of record, and the collections can be consulted by those interested. I found some fine folktales in the three Kentucky folklore theses he listed. At least ten of the Tennessee titles should be examined for folktales from Tennessee, and the best of their contents made available in print.

So far as I know, no one has compiled a list of Tennessee folklore archives, or of private collections of tales in manuscript or on discs or tapes. It would be good to have this information, and also to know what disposition has been made of the unpublished materials of deceased collectors. I know of only a few sources of unpublished Tennessee tales. Constance Rourke, in her fine bibliographical essay in Davy Crockett (New York, 1934), p. 250, said that "Mr. Edd Winfield Parks of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee, has discovered a number of these interchangeable stories"--that is, stories interchangeably told about Davy Crockett, John Sevier, or Andrew Jackson. Does anyone know if Mr. Parks' collection is available? Mr. Joseph Hall, of Los Angeles, California, is working on a collection

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2. Ruth Whitener Howse, "Mills Darden: The Giant of Tennessee," Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, XVII, iv (1951), 81-83.



of bear-hunting stories that he recorded in the Great Smokies in the 1930's. The Archive of American Folksong of the Library of Congress has some versions of "Jack Tales" which I recorded on phonograph discs in 1939 from an East Tennessee branch of the family from whom Miss Carter and Mr. Chase had collected. In my personal folklore archive at Murray State College there are about three hundred folktale texts from West Tennessee (perhaps fifty of them from Negro informants) and a few from East Tennessee, contributed by college students.

If it seems that relatively little has been accomplished to date in the field of the folktale in Tennessee, there is at least this consolation: many other states have done less. The folktale in America has been like the youngest son in the fairytale, the neglected and unappreciated child. I believe that for it, as for the youngest son, there will be a change of fortune. I predict a growth of scholarly interest in the folktale that may, in the end, match or even surpass the interest in ballad and folksong. I say a scholarly interest because, of course, the popular interest has always existed. Where would teachers, preachers and politicians be without an appropriate tale to give a welcome change of tone or to hammer home a point? Think of the number of places where men and/or women gather in groups and tell stories--true or otherwise. All folktales? More often than not.

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#### PROVERBIAL MATERIALS IN TWO NOVELS BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

By

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Although the following collection includes many proverbs, proverbial phrases, and proverbial comparisons that are in familiar use everywhere in the United States, it also includes many of much more limited currency. The latter are quite naturally especially interesting. The rather widely known "sure as God made little apples" occurs here in three varieties. The rare compound "berry-brown" appears here as current usage. "He's just talking to hear his brains click" does not seem to have been noted by dictionary makers. "You're the gnat's bristles" is a parallel to the perhaps more frequently heard reference to eyebrows. "Talk about the Devil and his imps will rise out of the ground" shows an unusual form of the second clause. "You needn't rush off in the heat of the day without a blanket" is a welcome addition to the scanty record of this proverb. Let's jump to the end of the alphabet. "There are more ways of skinning a polecat than shaving his tail off with the fork of your nose"



does not seem to have been reported before. The adjective "pussy-fed" in "I can lick my weight in pussy-fed wild cats" is curious. "White-eyed" in the meaning "exhausted" is a term for which Mr. Kroll shows a particular liking; it does not seem to have been recorded. The collection contains other unusual items, but these examples will suggest their nature and variety.

I am indebted to Professor William J. Griffin for calling Harry Harrison Kroll to my attention.<sup>1</sup> I have found his novels rewarding to read and rich in proverbial materials. The novels excerpted for this article are Waters Over the Dam (1944)<sup>2</sup> and Their Ancient Grudge (1946).<sup>3</sup> Both were published in Indianapolis by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. I have cited parallels from such standard authorities as G. L. Apperson, English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases (London, [1929]);<sup>4</sup> A Dictionary of Americanisms, ed. M. M. Mathews (2 v., Chicago, [1951]); Janet E. Heseltine and W. G. Smith, The Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs (2d ed., Oxford, England, [1948]);<sup>5</sup> Burton E. Stevenson, The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims, and Familiar Phrases (New York, 1948);<sup>6</sup> T. Hilding Svartengren, Intensifying Similes in English (Dissertation, Lund, 1919);<sup>7</sup> and Morris P. Tilley, A Dictionary of Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries (Ann Arbor, 1950).<sup>8</sup> I have been content with finding a parallel in one of these and have not accumulated references. My chief resource has been Bartlett J. Whiting, "Proverbs" in N. I. White, ed., The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, I (Durham, N. C., 1952), 329-501.<sup>9</sup>

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1. Editor's note: The suggestion that Mr. Kroll's work might yield a harvest of proverbial lore was originally that of Dr. Susan B. Riley.

2. Cited as Waters.

3. Cited as Grudge.

4. Cited as Apperson.

5. Cited as DA.

6. Cited as Oxford.

7. Cited as Stevenson.

8. Cited as Svartengren.

9. Cited as Tilley.

10. Cited as NC. Other abbreviated citations are as follows:

NED - New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, eds. James A. H. Murray et al., (10 v. and supp., Oxford, 1888-1933).

Taylor Comparisons - Archer Taylor, Proverbial Comparisons and Similes from California (Berkeley, 1954).

Airs. [Subsequently] she have tuck on airs. Grudge 111. Cf. DA Air b 1 put on; NED Air 15b give, take upon, show.

Apples. 1. Sure as God made green apples. Grudge 83.  
 2. Sure as God made little apples. Grudge 241. Stevenson 2249: 12.  
 3. Shore as God made little green apples. Grudge 43.  
 4. They'll kill ye, shore as sour apples. Grudge 233.

Bark. His bark's always worse than his bite. Grudge 39. Apperson 26; Oxford 23.

Bay leaf. Her sensitive features were as oval as a bay leaf. Waters 121. Probably a literary rather than a traditional simile.

Bear. He's going to be sore-tailed as a sick bear when he finds old Jim is dead. Grudge 294. Traditional comparisons to a cross bear are numerous but differ considerably from this. Kroll makes no other reference to a bear and therefore reflects its disappearance.

Bed. Now you made your bed you can lay in it. Grudge 55. NC 368.

Beet. They got as red as beets, like lovers caught kissing. Grudge 178. NC 368.

Bellyful. I sometimes feel like I got a bellyful of them as it is, without breeding them. Grudge 177. Tilley B 306.

Berry. Nancy's berry-brown cheeks. Grudge 20. The parasynthetic compound is rare, but see Melville, Omoo (Works II [1922] 306). Cf. NC 369 as brown as.

Bird. "Who's been telling you?" "A little bird." Grudge 175. NC 370.

Bitter root. But it was Parnell's turn to eat her bitter root. Waters 168.

Black. He talked till he was black in the face. Waters 198. NED Black 12.

Bone. 1. My bone-dry face. Waters 210. NC 373; cf. Taylor Comparisons 36 as dry as.  
 2. Their wagging tongues would sooner or later carry the bone to Jonse and Devil Anse. Grudge 250; His long white fingers...stifled her protest that she had toted no bones one way or the other. Grudge 190.

Book. It [Romance] has been written off the books for both of us. Waters 207.

Bosom. The sky would be as fair as a young girl's bosom. Waters 224. Probably a literary rather than a traditional simile.

Boy. And thus I saw he was quite a boy among the women. Waters 169.

Brains. He's just talking to hear his brains click. Waters 82. "To hear his brains rattle" is more familiar to me.

Bread. He'd better too [buy a piano], if he knows which side of his bread is buttered, the stingy old thing. Waters 73; Paw, if you know which side your bread are buttered you'll stay this side of Tug [a river] Grudge 266. NC 375; Stevenson 2321: 8.

Breeches. 1. If ever they were to catch him with his britches down it was while he was mad. Grudge 296. NC 375.

2. She could pray the britches off any backwoods preacher. Waters 45.  
Cf. the oral "To work the pants off."

Brickbat. They [clods] were as hard as brickbats. Cf. Svartengren 260 brick; NC 375 brick.

Bristles. You're the gnat's bristles. Waters 194. Cf. the oral "You're the gnat's eyebrows, the cat's pajamas."

Broom handle. Did you and Coxe Heath jump the broom handle---? Waters 296;  
When do you aim to jump the broom-handle? Grudge 177. Cf. NC 376 broom.

Broomstick. I war only fixing to tell Tom hyar that you and Cotton Top aim to jump the broomstick! Grudge 165. Cf. NC 376 broom.

Buckshot. The seed were as hard as buckshot. Waters 36. Cf. the oral "bullets."

Bull. 1. The thunder bellered like a young bull after a hot heifer. Waters 29.

2. As hot as a mad bull. Waters 182; As hot-blooded in my love as a yearling bull. Waters 185.

3. They...took the bull by the horns when they found out and tried to right it [a mistake]. Waters 261. NC 377.

Butcher knives. De lightnings dey laid to de right and left like butcher knives. Waters 29.

Buzzard. [They] were going after her like a buzzard after dead meat. Grudge 190.

Cabbage. [Speech] Crisp as a cabbage heart. Waters 99. Cf. Taylor Comparisons 30 lettuce.

Cats and dogs. Her maw and paw fit [fought] like cats and dogs. Waters 138.  
NC 381; Taylor Comparisons 23-24.

Child. The burned child dreads the fire, even before he smells the smoke. Waters 18. NC 383. The second clause is very unusual.

Chip. 1. Danny, how long are you going around with that chip on your shoulder? Waters 170. NC 384.  
2. You all gear yourselves to make the chips fly. Waters 15.

Chunk. He slept like a chunk or log or stone. Grudge 37.

Coon's age. Why, I ain't seen you in a coon's age. Grudge 86. DA Coon 3 (12).

Corpse. She was as pale and listless as a corpse. Waters 267.

Cow. Loyal till the cows came home. Waters 170. NED Cow 2 r.

Crow. His crow-black hair. Grudge 11. Cf. NC 389 as black as. The parasynthetic compound is rare.

Crystal. The days fair as crystal. Waters 164; The skies were as fair as crystal. Waters 242. Cf. NC 389 as bright, clear; Taylor Comparisons 26 clear.

Day. 1. The moon is going to be bright as day in a few hours. Grudge 303. NC 390  
2. Anybody can see you are honest as the day is long. Waters 75. Taylor Comparisons 49; NC 390.  
3. As plain and honest as the day is long. Waters 26. NC 390 as plain as day.  
4. We knocked off, calling it a day. Waters 68; Well, children, ... we can call it a day. Waters 50. Cf. Joseph C. Neal, Charcoal Sketches (5th ed., Philadelphia, 1840. Copyright, 1837) 140 I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day.

Daylight. Obstacles...enough to scare the daylights out of a big, shy fellow like myself Waters 40. Cf. Stevenson 496: 2 shake, pull, shoot.

Deadwood. Now we got the deadwood on 'em. Grudge 140; If you can make it thar / [reach the barn] you'll have the deadwood on 'em. Grudge 235. DA Deadwood 1 b.

Death. Trustees are death on sparking teachers. Waters 107. Here the sense is "violently opposed to." In the following sources the sense is usually "To be a capital hand at"; see NED Death 16; DA Death 1 b; Stevenson 500: 13.

Devil. Talk about the Devil and his imps will rise out of the ground. Grudge 177. NC 393. The second clause is unusual.



- Dog. 1. He was known to drink to the point of getting dog drunk. Waters 180; Are he still dog-drunk? Grudge 40. Cf. NC 397 as drunk as.  
2. She always knew how to put on the dog in public things. Waters 139.  
DA Dog 5 b; Stevenson 602: 3.
- Dollar. They can bet their bottom dollar. Waters 196; You can bet your bottom dollar. Grudge 103. DA Bottom 6 (20); Stevenson 932: 8.
- Doorknob. The Hatfields...shot them dead as doorknobs. Grudge 145. NC 399.
- Dozen. I wouldn't give two bits a dozen for the likes of you. Grudge 148. Cf. the oral "Not worth a dime a dozen."
- Drop. 1. One more [fool] would be but a drop in the bucket. Grudge 75. Stevenson 642:10.  
2. Tolbert would have married Mary at the drop of a hat. Grudge 57; Kill ye at the drap of a hat. Grudge 271. Stevenson 1086: 3.
- Duck fit. She'd have a duck fit. Waters 69; The old woman will have a duck fit. Grudge 289. DA Duck 4 (4).
- Ears. 1. (a) You're not dry back of the ears yet. Grudge 105. (b) He's not dry behind his ears. Waters 77; You ain't dry behind your ears yet. Grudge 67; Rosanna,,, had led Jonse astray and him hardly dry behind his ears. Grudge 121. DA Dry 3 d; Stevenson 335: 3.  
2. He was so mad he wanted to beat Ronnie's ears back. Waters 245. Cf. the oral "To pin (slap) his ears back."
- Eye. (a) I ain't seen you for so long that you are a cure for sore eyes. Grudge 79. (b) You air good for sore eyes. Grudge 83. (c) You shore air a sight for sore eyes. Grudge 160. NC 474-475.
- Earth. [He was] bossing his niggers as if he owned all the earth and half the moon. Waters 50.
- Fast. She had put him off, playing fast and loose with him. Grudge 120. Stevenson 1807: 7.
- Feather. Vistas...soft as feathers. Grudge 14. Cf. B. J. Whiting, Proverbs in the Earlier English Drama (Cambridge, Mass., 1938) 311 (112) Softer then [than] feathers of the fairest Swan; NC 400 down.
- Feed. Mr. Danny's off his feed. Waters 272. NED Feed 1 b.

Finger. 1. But she did not want to let a fine man like Tug slip through her fingers. Grudge 13; Something inside her warned her against letting Tug slip through her fingers. Grudge 17. Tilley F 242.

2. But don't you let her wrap you around her little finger, Mr. Danny. Waters 55. Stevenson 805:7.

Fire. You're hot as fire and dry as everything. Waters 209. NC 408. Cf. Taylor Comparisons 50.

Fish. (a) I always had the dark suspicion that at once out of my sight she had other fish to fry. Waters 163. NC 409. (b) I simply concluded that God had bigger fish to fry than bothering about a hired man down in the Alabama piney woods. Waters 175.

Folks. Laws, pore folks has pore ways. Grudge 84. NC 410.

Foot. 1. I have set my foot down on that for good. Grudge 45; I sot my foot down on that long ago and my foot are still whur I first put it. Grudge 81. Stevenson 863: 1.

2. But suppose he got cold feet and turned back? Grudge 242. Stevenson 862: 3.

3. Always in the end she could sweep me off my feet and marry me. Waters 170. NED Foot 27 carry.

4. I had a bad habit of liking the kind that would not wipe their feet on me. Waters 18. NED Wipe 9 e (boots).

Fox. Running with the fox and hounds are a tricky business. Grudge 264. The context suggests comparison with "He holds with the hare, and runs with the hounds" (Stevenson 1077: 10).

Frying pan. For an instant she was afraid she had stepped from the frying pan into the fire. Grudge 168. NC 413.

Funeral. You smell as sweet as a funeral. Waters 54. Meant in a complimentary sense.

Goose. You...keep thinking that when you get wedded the ham will be frying low and the goose a-cooking high. Grudge 179. Parallels to the allusion to ham seem not to have been noted, and the allusion to the goose may be compared to "The goose hangs high" (DA Goose 4 a; Stevenson 1010: 4).

Grain. It went against the grain. Waters 208. NC 417.

Ground. Thus she knew Jonse was none too sure of his ground. Grudge 30.

Grip. See Mudturtle.

- Gun. You stick by your guns. Waters 219. Stevenson 1047: 1. The older parallels employ the singular and the recent ones the plural. Is it now understood as a reference to an artillery battery?
- Guts. You ain't got the guts [to kill us]. Grudge 309. Cf. Stevenson 1047:11.
- Hand. I could lick you with one hand tied. Waters 15; Most any man could do the same with one hand tied. Waters 203; Shoot, I can lick you with one hand tied. Waters 244.
- Hatband. She [a lever] sho am stuck tight as Dick's hatband. Waters 64. NC 394. Cf. Taylor Comparisons 47.
- Head. If they caught him he would go to jail so fast it would make his head swim. Grudge 147; I'll kill you so quick hit'll make your head swim. Grudge 276.
- Heart. I am a man who always wore his heart on his britches leg. Grudge 13. NC 422 sleeve.
- Heat. You needn't rush off in the heat of the day without a blanket, as the feller said. Grudge 160. F. G. Brewster, "More Indiana Sayings," American Speech, XVI (1941), 21.
- Heaven. Because the McCoys were moving heaven and earth to have the law on the Hatfields. Grudge 151. Harriet B. Stowe, Uncle Tom's Cabin (Novels and Stories, Fireside Ed. [Boston, 1901]) 452 raise; E. S. Gardner, The Case of the Howling Dog (New York, 1934) 123.
- Hills. She's as old as the hills. Waters 17. NC 425; Taylor Comparisons 60.
- Hobson's choice. It was Hobson's choice, that or nothing. Waters 289. Stevenson 347: 7.
- Hog. To go hog-wild. Grudge 143. DA Hog 3 b.
- Hook. Nancy was going to take the map to make old Anse swaller it [the deception], hook, line and sinker! Grudge 296-297. DA Hook 6; Stevenson 1248: 10.
- Hornet. Your paw will be as mad as a burnt-tailed hornet. Grudge 39. NC 427 hornet.
- Hot. And her blowing hot and cold with me was the result of his playing with her. Waters 295. NC 428.
- House. Nary house was ever built that notched more than one woman at the corners. Grudge 176. Cf. "No house is big enough for two women," which I have discussed in a forthcoming volume dedicated to Leonardo Olschki. For a reference

to the fictitious Chinese character representing two women that is supposed to have the meaning "quarrel" see Rudolf Kleinpaul, Das Leben der Sprache I: Sprache ohne Worte (Leipzig, 1893) 405. He cites it as existent.

Image. Bud was the spitting image of his daddy. Waters 15.

Inch. Can't you see an inch beyond your nose? Waters 171; Why could I not see an inch ahead of my nose? Waters 265. NC 429-430.

Ink. Now the clouds...were black as ink. Grudge 320. NC 430.

Insides. I'm so hongry my insides has growed together. Grudge 64.

Izzard. She's educated away up to the izzards. Waters 27.

Jet. His beard was jet-black. Grudge 10-11. NC 431 as black as.

Jonah's gourd. Meanwhile the meeting grew like Jonah's gourd. Waters 179.

Judas kiss. [She] gave her a Judas kiss on the cheek. Grudge 79.

Jump. I don't aim now to let 'em get the jump on me. Grudge 230. DA Jump 5.

Katydid. Mary was jumping like a one-legged katydid to keep out of their way. Grudge 181.

Kneehigh. They had loved each other from the time when they were kneehigh to a duck. Grudge 178. NC 433.

Know. What they don't know won't hurt them. Waters 297. Stevenson 1329:1.

Leaf. We'll turn over a new leaf, beginning right now. Waters 217. NC 435.

Lick. Her ancient maxim: Make every lick count. Waters 207.

Light. Perhaps we were just two men standing in our own light. Waters 197. Apperson 599-600; Stevenson 1421-1422:10.

Line. Her utmost skill would be taxed to keep her two lovers in line. Grudge 184.

Lions. They had to throw you to the lions to do it [i.e., to correct a mistake]. Waters 265. "To throw to the wolves" is more usual.

Liver. I'll lick the livers and lights out of you! Waters 16.



Log roller. [She] eats like a log roller. Grudge 159.

Meat. 1. Just you rest your soul, for Paw's my meat, all in due time. Grudge 39.  
DA Meat 2.

2. I started once to try the gown on but the feel of it made my meat crinkle.  
Grudge 180. Cf. "To make one's flesh crawl."

Milkweed. Allifair was going up [i.e., growing] like a wild milkweed. Grudge 117.

Moon. 1. Last night the moon had its horn down and that means it's pouring its rain  
out. Waters 24. Cf. Stevenson 1622: 6.

2. If this night ends, what it stands for can go on till the moon and stars sink.  
Grudge 252.

Mortgage. He seemed to think lending her money years back gavè him a mortgage on  
her the rest of her life. Waters 187.

Mourner's bench. Chasing some case-hardened sinner up to the mourner's bench  
and making him confess his Jesus. Grudge 181. DA Mourner 2.

Mouth. Frank and James were down in the mouth. Grudge 294. Stevenson 1635: 5.

Mouthful. You bellered a mouthful that lick. Grudge 169.

Mudturtle. It was a sundown grip, like that of a mud turtle to a nigger's thumb when  
you cut its head off and it won't die till sundown. Waters 267.

Nails. She was as tough as nails. Waters 195. NC 449; Taylor Comparisons 83.

Neck. He was up to his neck in mortgages. Waters 107. Stevenson 1670:8.

Nest. I wasn't disfurnishing myself to feather the nests of Joe Frierson [and others].  
Waters 281. Stevenson 792:10.

Oven. It made the place as hot as a oven. Waters 139. NC 454.

Owl. They were as sleepless as a batch of owls. Waters 95. Cf. 454 as sleepy as  
an owl.

Pea. As like...as one black-eyed pea is like a bushel of black-eyed peas. Grudge 83.  
NC 455.

Peppermint. Now have a stick of peppermint candy on the house, as the feller on the  
roof said when he was trying to put out the fire. Grudge 161.

Picture. Well, you are purty as a picture! Grudge 79; You look purty as a picture.

Grudge 104; You air as purty as a picture. Grudge 177. NC 457.

Pie. He was as mild now as pie. Waters 67. Cf. DA Pie 4 (3) nice, good; Taylor Comparisons 61 cute, easy, good, sweet.

Pitch. A tired-looking cabin, as dark as pitch. Waters 119. NC 459; Taylor Comparisons 32.

Post. She stood there rigid, tense as a post. Waters 181. Cf. Svartengren 262 stiff.

Powder. Hit's been powder dry too long. Waters 197.

Puppy. As impatient as a puppy. Waters 144.

Rain barrel. My insides were as empty as a rain barrel. Waters 89. NC 366 barrel.

Rat. Parnell should have smelled a rat. Waters 249. NC 466.

Rattlesnake. 1. As crabbed as a blind rattlesnake in dog days. Waters 223.

2. Miss Dolly hated the railroad like a line of rattlesnakes. Waters 193.  
Cf. B. J. Whiting, Proverbs in the Earlier English Drama (Cambridge, Mass., 1938) 326 (296).

Salt. No man worth his salt would explore in the wilds to find her. Waters 181.  
Cf. NC 470.

Sand. Little Randall's fists were white as sand. Grudge 135.

Sapling. Once she had been as slender as a sapling. Grudge 72.

Satan. He's mad as Satan himself! Grudge 44.

Sea. It was as sharply blue as seas. Waters 70. Cf. Taylor Comparisons 19 ocean; Svartengren 251 salt water.

Sense. 1. Old man Jack hadn't sense enough to come in out of the rain. Waters 171.  
NC 465. Cf. DA Rain v. 1 To know enough to go in when it rains.

2. I do declare, you ain't got the sense God gave a dead goose. Grudge 169.

Sin. 1. It...makes me mad as sin to see you fooling away your time with Jonse Hatfield. Grudge 103.

2. [A corpse] ugly as sin. Grudge 82. NC 475.

Six. If you try to take the law in your own hands people will say it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. Grudge 213. NC 476.

Sleeve. I think I know what they got up their sleeves. Grudge 298. Stevenson 2138:5 keep.

Snake. 1. Now I know they ain't nothing but snakes in the grass. Grudge 65; I'd never wed that snake in the grass. Grudge 180. Apperson 583; Oxford 601; NED Snake 2 b.

Snore. The saying of an old woman that "When you've snored you've et." Grudge 62. Cf. H. H. Kroll, Fury in the Earth (Indianapolis [1945]) 109 they used to tell me sleeping is same as eating. We'd better lay down now and ketch us some rest and fill our bellies with snores.

Snuff. The snuff-brown dust. Waters 146.

Stone. 1. Sarie sat dumb as a stone. Grudge 129. Stevenson 1646: 5.  
2. Little Randall's fists were...hard as stone. Grudge 135. NC 482.

Streak. They have their good and bad streaks. Waters 261. Perhaps suggested by bacon. The fat streak spoils first, while the lean remains relatively unimpaired.

String. Even though she kept me on the string. Waters 170.

Stump. It [a collar] was so tall he had to get up on a stump to spit over it. Waters 53.

Suds. My body hot as suds. Waters 77.

Sun. You'd think that Mama believes the sun rises and sets in the blue-back speller. Waters 49; But these people you love and think the sun rises and sets in...are just like the rest of us. Waters 261.

Sundown. My face as red as sundown. Waters 77. Cf. Svartengren 250 rising sun at Bromford.

Tack. Them that plays with tacks in their feathers will find nails in their behinds, your pappy says. Grudge 55.

Tadpole. She's fixing to rain tadpoles and wild catfish, Jeems! Waters 28; Just this side the barn it started raining tadpoles and top minners. Waters 29. In the second instance it was literally true.

Tail. 1. But progress had us by the tail with a downhill pull. Waters 216.

2. I'd hate to have my tail caught in a crack like that. Waters 118. As explained on p. 117, this remark refers to putting the tail of an animal in a crack of a sapling in order to carry it alive. This explanation obviously does not apply to the following.
3. Well, ...at least hit would keep me from getting my tail caught in a crack of a fence for a second time. Grudge 169.
4. He was glad to stick his tail between his legs and clear out of these parts! Waters 138. NED Tail 11 b. Cf. Taylor Comparisons 35.

Thing. 1. But all things must come to an end. Waters 48. Stevenson 677:5.  
 2. If it ain't one damn thing it's another. Waters 66.  
 3. Sugar [an endearment], no good thing can last for always. Grudge 253.

Thunder. I am for you-ones till thunder cracks the mountings [mountains].  
Grudge 264.

Time. 1. Time will pass. Waters 102.  
 2. That stinking dude of a Dossie Heath had beat my time. Waters 173;  
 Beat Miss Parnell's time while she ain't looking! Waters 124. DA Beat 3  
 (2).

Toadstool. Looks like he growed up like a wet-weather toadstool. Grudge 177.  
 Cf. Stevenson 1642:11.

Toll measure. Our heads were as empty as the toll measure. Waters 178.

Tooth. 1. And the two belligerents went at each other tooth and nail. Waters 245.  
Stevenson 2352-2353:11.  
 2. But that Tom Wallace just naturally sets my teeth on aidge. Grudge 163.  
 Cf. Stevenson 1021:4.  
 3. I told him so to his teeth. Grudge 105. Cf. Stevenson 2353:1 cast, throw.

Tree. He was barking up the wrong tree. Grudge 105. NC 489.

Trigger. He was quick on the trigger. Grudge 248. It is literally true. DA Trigger 2.

Truth. The truth takes the bark off sometimes all right. Grudge 267.

Turn. One good turn deserves another. Waters 129. NC 490.

Wash. But things will come clean in the wash. Grudge 84. Cf. Stevenson 2455-2456:13.

Water. 1. A lot of water had run down Blackberry [a stream] and over Abe Stone's mill dam since [etc.]. Grudge 119.



2. All that is water under the bridge. Waters 217. Oxford 694; Stevenson 2461: 2.
3. The sermons themselves slid off me pretty much as the water did from Aunt Tish's geese. Waters 175. NC 492; Taylor Comparisons 84-85 like water on a duck's back.

Way. There are more ways of skinning a polecat than shaving his tail off with the fork of your nose. Grudge 69.

Weight. I can lick my weight in pussy-fed wild cats. Grudge 120. DA Whip 4 (1).

Whirlwind. Free to gad the same as a whirlwind through a pea patch. Grudge 146. NC 495 whirlwind.

White. If you promise to treat the boy white. Grudge 107. DA White 1.

Whit-eyed. Bud stated loudly, People, I'm white-eyed [i.e., exhausted]. Waters 13; I'm plum white-eyed, Rennie! Waters 208; I'm mighty nigh white-eyed. Waters 291.

Widow. Bad as being married to a widder when she's out of practice. Waters 64.

Wild-goose chase. This wild-goose chase after a man. Grudge 247; We might only be on a wild-goose chase to take out after them. Grudge 289. NED Wild goose chase 2; Apperson 686; Oxford 709; Stevenson 323-324:10; Tilley W 390.

- Wind. 1. We'll burn the wind. Grudge 291; Burn the wind! Grudge 112; Ride, burn the wind, we got to ketch 'em and hang 'em! Grudge 126; We'll burn the wind. Grudge 291; Get her horse...and burn the wind. Grudge 188; A road so folks can burn the wind with gasoline! Waters 216. DA Burn 2 (3).
2. I can't help but know a little how the wind is blowing. Waters 76. Stevenson 2515: 1.
3. Ride like the wind! Grudge 259. NC 497 run.

Wolf. I are hongry as a wolf. Grudge 40. NC 498.

Wool. Jonse will never pull the wool over my eyes. Grudge 103. NC 500.

World. Sure as the world. Waters 192. NC 501.

Wrong. Two wrongs never yet made a right. Grudge 213. NC 501. ✓.

## EVENTS AND COMMENTS

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY will be held this year on Saturday, November 10, at the University of Chattanooga. East Tennessee members of the Society have long had reason to complain that they have been at a disadvantage because annual meetings have usually been held in the mid-state region. Next fall they will have an opportunity to show what they can do in promoting attendance from their area.

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THE DEATH OF MRS. RUTH WEBB O'DELL DYSART on March 24 was a keenly felt loss to the Tennessee Folklore Society, of which she was a long-time member. She was also a frequent contributor to the T.F.S. Bulletin. Newspapers carrying the news of her decease emphasized the facts that she had once served as president of the Tennessee Education Association and had been a member of the state legislature in the sessions of 1937 and 1939. She was, indeed, the first woman to serve in the Tennessee general assembly. She was the author of a book on the life and lore of East Tennessee called Over the Misty Blue Hills.

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A GENERAL "THANK YOU" is hereby expressed to all those readers who have complimented the Bulletin on its "new look."

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REISSUES OF VOLS. I AND II of the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin have been prepared and are ready for distribution. Vol. IV and Vol. VIII, No. 4, will be reissued later in the year.

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OUR PRESIDENT, Mr. E. G. Rogers, has published a collection of nine "Tall Tales from Tennessee" in the Southern Folklore Quarterly, XIX, iv (December, 1955), 237-242.

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A CORRESPONDENT FROM CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA, suggests that the "yaller flower of the forest" may have showed up again in "The Yellow Rose of Texas." She confesses that she does not know "where it grows in that state, if at all, except in popular song."

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REQUESTS FREQUENTLY COME to the Editor of the Bulletin from editors of popular magazines, ambitious authors and photographers, as well as people with a general interest asking where in Tennessee the old folk songs are still sung, where the old dances are danced (unself-consciously), and where the folk arts and crafts are still practiced. Reports from members of the Society on these subjects would be useful. A directory of information to be discriminately dispensed (to avoid annoyance of "folks") could perhaps be built up.

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DR. E. C. KIRKLAND, in Vol. II, No. 2, of the Bulletin gives texts of "The New Market Wreck" and "The Song of Cove Creek Dam" which he describes as being not folk songs but songs that had "the possibilities of becoming" folk ballads. He

reported the original version of the second song and a version that was surely near to the original composition of the first. He challenged later collectors to find and record versions of these songs after they had undergone the sea-change of oral transmission, in the hope of getting "some valuable information" on the effects of that process. Has anyone in more recent years heard either of these two songs?

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PROFESSOR GEORGE W. BOSWELL, a former president of the Tennessee Folklore Society has been at work for some time on a book that all members of the society will want to know about. Our present President, Professor E. G. Rogers, writes of it as follows:

Everyone interested in the use, study, or teaching of folklore will be glad to know of the volume by George W. Boswell of Austin Peay State College, titled Survey of Folk Literature, which is in preparation and which may now be secured in mimeographed form. Three or four Tennessee colleges offering courses in folk materials have adopted the volume as a text.

The first two chapters discuss the nature and kinds of folklore. Chapters III through XIV deal with the various folklore categories such as the proverb, the legend, folk speech, folk tradition, the folktale, mythology and myth, etc. Eight further chapters deal with types of folk music.

Chapter XXIII, "How to Use Folk Literature in Teaching," and Chapter XXIV, "Why Study Folklore?" as well as one section of the Appendix relating to specific uses of folk materials in teaching, will fill the many requests of those seeking information on this subject.

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"FOLKLORE IN THE WRITINGS OF 'THE LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR'" is the title of an interesting article by John Q. Anderson in the December, 1955, issue of the Southern Folklore Quarterly. It deals, of course, with the humorist and local-colorist who called himself "Madison Tensas, M. D."

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LEGENDS IN WEST VIRGINIA is the subject of the Summer, 1955 (Vol. V, No. 4), issue of West Virginia Folklore. Fourteen items of varying quality are collected in the issue.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO announces its twenty-fifth Annual Field Session in Anthropology, to be conducted from June 16 to July 28. It offers opportunities for research in ethnology, archaeology, and anthropology.

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AN ADDITION TO THE STATE PUBLICATIONS ON FOLKLORE has been launched in the form of the Keystone Folklore Quarterly, the organ of the

Pennsylvania Folklore Society. The Quarterly is edited by Professor Frank A. Hoffman of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The first issue presents an unusual version of "The Two Corblies" collected by Col. Henry W. Shoemaker. The spring meeting of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society was held in Harrisburg on April 14.

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THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A RESEARCH CENTER IN ANTHROPOLOGY, LINGUISTICS, AND FOLKLORE at the University of Indiana is announced in the Fall, 1955, issue of Midwest Folklore. The same issue of MF carries an article by John T. Flanagan on "Folklore in the Stories of James Hall." Though it is perhaps not a model, that article, like the study of the work of "Madison Tensas, M. D." that appeared in the December issue of SFQ, suggests the kind of consideration that ought to be more frequently given to Southern writers.

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THE WINTER, 1955, ISSUE OF MIDWEST FOLKLORE offers a number of most interesting articles whose titles are sufficiently informative: "Home Medication in Grant County, Indiana, in the 'Nineties," by W. L. McAtee; "Some American Fishing Superstitions," by Eddie W. Wilson; "The Obituaries of the Sugarcreek Budget," by William I. Schreiber; and "Some Sources for Folklore Studies in the University of Kentucky Libraries," by Lawrence S. Thompson.

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THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the International Folk Music Conference will be held July 25-31 at Trossingen and Stuttgart, Germany. Registration by individuals who wish to attend sessions of the Conference should be addressed to the Secretary of the I.F.M.C., 12 Clorane Gardens, London, N. W. 3, England.

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B. A. Botkin, A Treasury of Mississippi Folklore. New York: Crown Publishers, 1955. 620 pp. \$5.00.

The generosity of Mr. Botkin as the editor of treasuries of folklore is by now well established. In his latest anthology, even the subtitle ("Stories, Traditions and Folkways of the Mid-American River Country") does not fully suggest the inclusiveness of the selection. This volume samples local history and literary anecdotes from pretty nearly half the continental United States. Even one acquainted with Mr. Botkin's principles of editing may be a mite surprised to find in a book about "Mississippi River Folklore" the factual account of how they brought the bad news from Little Big Horn to Bismark. But one thing suggests another: the record run of the Far West is memorialized in the same section that records the facts about the contest between the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee.

There are eight divisions in this conveniently arranged volume, with general and sectional introductions, frequent commentaries and documentations, and a cross-referenced index. The volume contains 500 stories and 30 songs. Here will come alive the romance, the hardships, and the tragic backgrounds of a river in its relationships to a nation in the making. Here are strong men, heroes, gamblers and cutthroats, steam-



boats and showboats in their heyday and in their passing. Here are pirates, cutthroats and desperadoes such as Murrell, the Harpes, Devol, and Greene. There are accounts of historic journeys, boat races, floods, shifting channels, and great feats of daring. Here too are the songs of the peoples connected with the river--levee songs, love songs, minstrel songs, river calls, as well as the blues which have made New Orleans, Memphis, and St. Louis famous. Here are Menke, Handy, and the "Satchmo" himself, Louis Armstrong.

Tennesseans will find much of specific local interest--Desoto, the Natchez Trace, highwaymen such as Murrell and the Harpes, and many stories of exploration and settlement which are associated with the confluence of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio with the Mississippi. The Wilderness Road and the immigrant trails converge here.

This volume richly re-enforces with folklore and legend many of the companion volumes of the Rivers of America series.

E. G. Rogers  
Tennessee Wesleyan College

Bartlett Jere Whiting, ed., Traditional British Ballads. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1955. 148 pp. \$0.40.

The addition of a selection of forty Child ballads to the series of inexpensive (paper backed) "Crofts Classics" is one that will surely be welcomed by many teachers of literature. If they have hesitated to require undergraduates to buy the weightier and more expensive ballad anthologies, they can now with a clear conscience use this little book, assured that its purchase will bankrupt no one, and its study will be extremely rewarding.

Professor Whiting's introduction, discussing balladry in general and Child ballads in particular, is brief, but it is both pleasingly informal and admirably informative. The selections themselves are grouped under six headings: Romantic Ballads, Tragic Ballads, Historical Ballads, Outlaw Ballads, Supernatural Ballads, and Humorous Ballads. It would be difficult to quarrel with the editor on his choices for the representation of these categories. To keep the bulk of the volume down, Professor Whiting has also usually (but not invariably) limited himself to one version. In this matter, too, his judgment seems excellent.

Each of the ballads here reprinted is preceded by a short commentary, sometimes interpretative, always interesting. The editor makes a point of reporting the distribution of American versions and the distinctive features of the texts collected in this country. Only seven of the forty ballads selected have not been found in North America. In the introduction, Professor Whiting makes a wise observation: "Every generation of collectors has announced mournfully that ballad singing is a dying art and that the

end of collecting is in sight. Ballad singing is far from dead today, and if the end of collecting is in sight it is because the texts collected will be increasingly suspect."

This little volume ends with a carefully selected bibliography and a brief but apparently adequate glossary. Perhaps one of the most unfortunate shortcomings of the book is a failure to discuss the music that is bound to a ballad and the complete omission of any presentation of traditional tunes.

W. J. G.

Ethel Park Richardson, American Mountain Songs. New York: Greenberg, 1956. \$3.50.

Many persons will remember Ethel Parks Richardson as the recent winner of the \$100,000 on TV's "The Big Surprise" for her astonishing knowledge of American folklore. Her researches and compilation of American Mountain Songs is edited and arranged by Sigmund Spaeth.

The songs are organized in four categories: (1) "Ballads Americanized and American," (2) "Lonesome and Love Tunes," (3) "Spirituals," and (4) "Nonsense Songs." There is no suggestion of the primary listings of the British ballads as reflected in the Child study. As Spaeth says of the author, "...her approach has been that of a sentimentalist," since her love is for the lore and the people she knows intimately.

The author, in making reference to the language of the Tennessee and regional mountaineers as reported by James Watt in his Land of the Saddle Bags, says that either Shakespeare or Edmund Spenser would have felt perfectly at home in the use of a language which is "a survival of the speech of another day." Although these tunes are arranged for piano, it is recalled also that the old-fashioned melodeon is the mountaineer's favorite instrument for use as an accompaniment--sometimes, a fiddle or a banjo, a "dulcimer" or a "mandolette."

The Appendix provides background, local color, and meaning for many of the ballads. A few of the titles listed in each grouping will be readily recognized: "The Little Rosewood Casket," "Ole Ship o' Zion," "Frog Went A-Courtin'," "Shortenin' Bread," "Skip to My Lou," "Sourwood Mountain," and others. A ballad called "Moonshine" is one of only a few of the type to grow up around a wildcat still. John A. Lomax sought unsuccessfully for one of these in his vast researches across the country.

E. G. Rogers  
Tennessee Wesleyan College

Richard M. Dorson, Negro Folktales in Michigan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1956. xiv + 247 pp. \$4.75.

Readers of Midwest Folklore have been aware of Mr. Dorson's field work involving the mechanical recording of folk stories he heard told by Negroes in Michigan, for in the Winter 1952 and Winter 1953 issues of that journal he published verbatim transcripts of some of his recordings. He has now made available a more complete collection of 165 items varying from half a page to three or four pages in length, and varying in type from simple anecdotes to full scale folktales. Mr. Dorson assures us that he has confined his editing to a bare minimum, but he has obviously not represented all the idiosyncracies of the oral storytelling.

The first two chapters of this little book offer descriptions of "The Communities and the Storytellers" and an analysis of "The Art of Negro Storytelling." Without exception, the Negro storytellers Mr. Dorson was able to locate in Michigan were individuals who had migrated from the South or who had some kind of fairly direct connection with Southern culture. Mr. Dorson observed that assimilation into Northern life appears to stifle the art that Negroes developed to a kind of perfection in the South.

The tales themselves are divided into ten more or less appropriate categories; but perhaps only Mr. Dorson could explain some of the particular distributions he has adopted. A very modern version of the old mystery play "sheep in the cradle" incident appears here as "Hog in the Cadillac," but it will be found in the category Mr. Dorson has labeled "Colored Man," along with several stories purporting to tab the special qualities (and the special hard luck) of the Negro race.

One of the most interesting groups is that titled "Old Marster and John," which contains a number of stories representing the cleverness of a servant who is able to impose on a stern but not always unkindly master. Though the servant sometimes suffers temporarily, he seldom fails to triumph in the end. The impish delight in trickery suggests at least faintly Pedro Malazarte, and this association, reinforced by the character of some of the other tales (especially the "Animal and Bird Stories"), leads to the further suggestion that the back trail of many Negro folk stories may lead to Portuguese origins.

Naturally, most of the stories Mr. Dorson has recorded are known in several different versions. The notes at the end of the collection carefully classify them according to the standard indexes and document their relations to folk stories already published. A three-page bibliography of related publications and an "Index of Informants" are supplied.

This volume is in a number of respects a model treatment of authentic materials such as to satisfy scholars and also please readers whose interests are less specialized.

W. J. G.



Songs of an Irish Tinker Lady, sung with banjo accompaniment by Margaret Barry. Riverside Folklore Series, RLP 12-602. New York: Bill Grauer Productions. \$4.98.

Merry Ditties, sung by Milt Okun to guitar accompaniment. Riverside Folklore Series, RLP 12-603. New York: Bill Grauer Productions. \$4.98.

Irish Drinking Songs, sung by Patrick Galvin to banjo and guitar accompaniments of Al Jeffery. Riverside Folklore Series, RLP 12-604. New York: Bill Grauer Productions. \$4.98.

Australian Bush Songs, sung by A. L. Lloyd to accompaniments of banjo and harmonica of Al Jeffery, concertina of Alf Edwards, and guitar of E. L. Rewald. Riverside Folklore Series, RLP 12-606. New York: Bill Grauer Productions. \$4.98.

The technical standards maintained in these albums are, with one exception, admirably exacting; the exception (at least in the review record) is a boo-boo in the grooving of "Billy Boy," one of the Merry Ditties. In every recording, the singing is pleasingly clear and the accompaniment is well suited to it. Each album is provided, on the envelope cover, with an informative (and sometimes amusing) general commentary and intelligent, brief descriptions of the individual songs. Texts of the songs are supplied in multilithed leaflets accompanying the albums.

To the more serious-minded students of folksinging, the collection of Australian Bush Songs will probably seem most meritorious. Representing for the most part the singing sheepmen of New South Wales, it illustrates the persistence of old themes and old tunes in a new country and the adaptations or new departures motivated by new circumstances and experiences. Though there are reminiscences of Scottish and English traditions, and reflections of modern inventions in other parts of the world (one song is set to the tune of a revival hymn, and another recalls the melody of our Civil War "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"), the Irish elements appear predominant in both melodies and texts. The range of melodies and subjects is so narrow as to seem monotonous as one listens to the fourteen selections one after the other. The singer, A. L. Lloyd, though described as a "leading English folklorist," learned these songs as a "young sheep-herder and shearing-shed worker in New South Wales." Later, he also learned at firsthand the songs of Antarctic whaling ships, and was "sought out to play the part of Shantyman in the film versions of Moby Dick."

Songs of an Irish Tinker Lady is a well chosen title, for in Margaret Barry's recordings the chief interest attaches to the singer rather than the songs. (It should be said that the banjo picking is also expert.) Nothing but the sweet sincerity, the clear, flexible voice, and the obvious pleasure of Margaret Barry in singing it could rescue "The Cottage with the Horseshoe Over the Door" from a derisive comparison with "My Little Gray Home in the West." The first song in this collection is one written by Padraic Colum, with music by Herbert Hughes. Other pieces are nearer to popular origins. But whatever she sings, Margaret Barry makes it a vehicle for informing us of the ideal Irish street singer and entertainer at country fairs.

The other collection of Irish songs is presented by the author of Irish Songs of Resistance, which was reviewed in the March issue of this Bulletin. Patrick Galvin is accompanied on the guitar and banjo by Al Jeffery. The performances are uniformly good, but here the songs themselves have a wider appeal. Some of them, such as



"Finnegan's Wake" and "One-Eyed Reilly" have literary associations as well as a place in the repertory of the bibulous. Others are quite familiar (in part at least) even to teetotalers in America. It is particularly interesting to hear "A Sup of Good Whiskey" sung to the well-known fiddle tune of "The Irish Washerwoman."

Merry Ditties, taken from Norman Cazden's book of the same name, records the lighter treatment of love and sex in popular song. There is much that could be said about the peregrinations of the tunes that carry the burden of these songs; a collection such as this makes one realize the complex character of our musical traditions. Two of the songs here presented are versions of Child ballads (#281 and #46.) Others are such perennial favorites as "Billy Boy" and "I Wish I Were Single Again." To at least one listener, the most entertaining and skilfully presented are "A-Roving," "Lavender's Blue," "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," and "Puttin' on the Style."

These albums no doubt owe a good deal of their excellence to the editing of Kenneth S. Goldberg.

W. J. G.

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